

1840

# Rockaway

Henry Russell

Henry John Sharpe

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

# ROCKAWAY,



B.W. Thayer's Lith. Boston.

## ROCKAWAY

OR, ON OLD LONG ISLAND'S SEA-GIRT SHORE,

### A BALLAD.

WORDS BY

HENRY JOHN SHARPE.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MRS. T. C. GRATTAN,

BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

Price 50 cts. nett.

BOSTON.

Published by W. H. OAKES, 13 Tremont Row.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1850 by W. H. Oakes in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts

*Henry Russell*





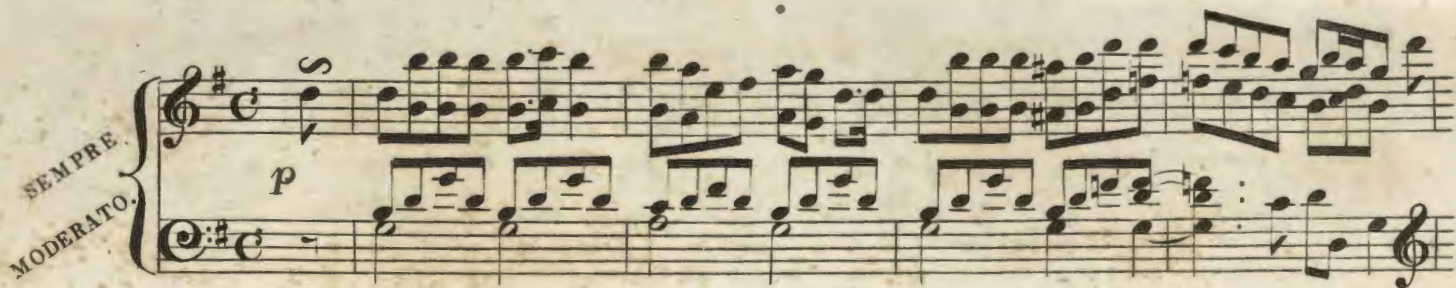


# Rockaway.

Words by HENRY JOHN SHARPE.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

SEMPRE.  
MODERATO.

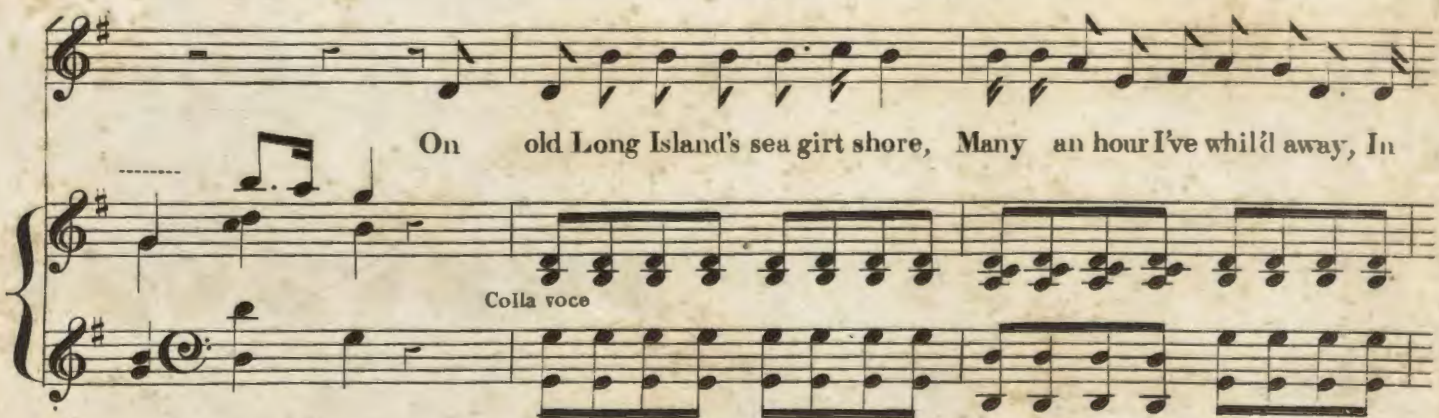


8va

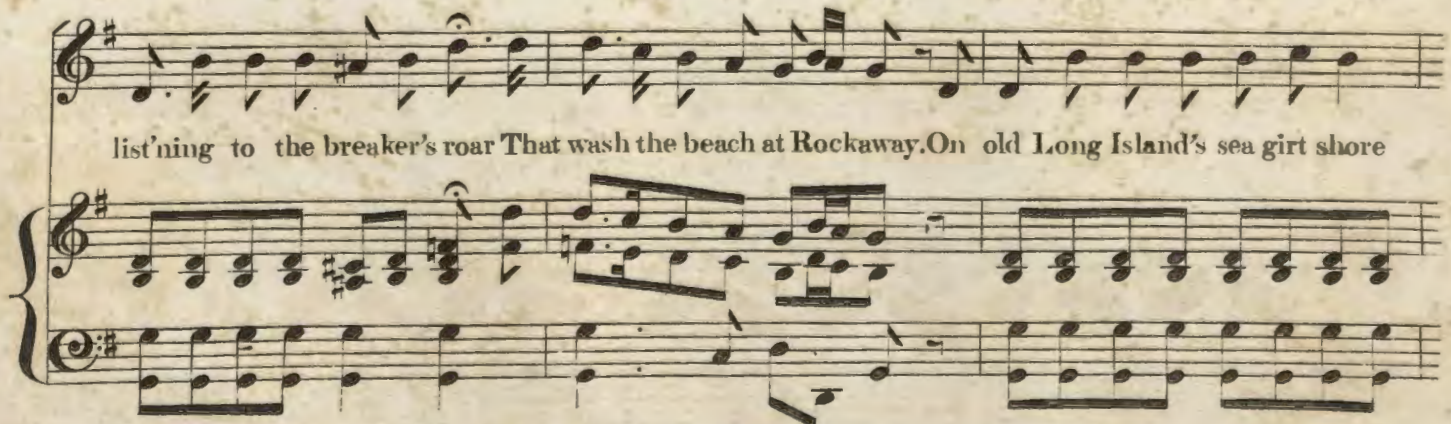


On old Long Island's sea girt shore, Many an hour I've whild away, In

Colla voce



list'ning to the breaker's roar That wash the beach at Rockaway. On old Long Island's sea girt shore





Many an hour I've whild away, In list'ning to the breaker's roar, That wash the beach at Rockaway. Trans-

fix'd I've stood while nature's lyre, In one harmonious concert broke, And catching its' promethean fire, My

*Quasi andante*

*Colla voce*

inmost soul to rapture woke. Oh! On old Long - Is - land's sea - girt shore,

*8va*

Many an hour I've whild a - way, In list'-ning to the breaker's roar, That



wash the beach at Rockaway. Oh.

how de-light-ful 'tis to stroll Where murmur'g winds and waters meet, Marking the hil-lows as they roll, And

break re-sist-less at your feet; To watch young l-ris, as she dips Her man-tle in the sparkling dew, And

chas'd by Sol a-way she trips, O'er the ho-ri-zon's quiv-ring blue. Oh! On



old Long Is - land's sea - girt shore, Man-y an hour I've whil'd a - way, In

8va.....

list'-ning to the break - ers roar, That wash the beach at Rockaway.

loco

a poco

To hear the start-ling night-winds sigh,

As dreamy twi - light lulls to sleep, While the pale moon reflects from high, Her im - age in the mighty deep; Ma -



jes - tic scene where nature dwells, Profound in ev - er - last - ing love, While her unmeasur'd mu - sic swells, The

vaulted fir - ma - ment a - bove . Oh! On old Long Is - land's sea girt shore,

Man - y an hour I've whil'd a - way, In list' - ning to the break - er's roar, That loco

wash the beach at Rockaway.



